

ELLORA'S CAVE TWILIGHT

Undone by
the UnDead

Isabelle Drake

Naughty
Nooners

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The Boston Public Library is lonely in the middle of a snow storm, but Hayden isn't going anywhere until he gets what he wants—information he can use for a tabloid newspaper article he's writing. A book on zombie sex rituals promises exactly what he needs to please his boss, who's convinced the undead are roaming the streets.

Hayden's been buried in research for so long, he can't resist the urgent, sexual advances of the smudgy-eyed girl in tattered tights who climbs in through the library window. But is she human, something conjured by his imagination...or a zombie in need of human flesh?

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Undone by the Undead

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Dedication

To Mrs. Pine's people, with special thanks to RK and his Eclectic Eight.

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Barbie: Mattel, Inc.

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Chapter One

Hayden Thomas shifted on the wooden captain's chair, trying without success to ease the stiffness in his spine. Whoever selected the chairs for the Boston Public Library obviously never sat in them. The damn things had no arm rests and were crammed so close together Bates Hall looked like a cafeteria. Except for the green desk lamps, and the rows of bookcases lining the wood-paneled walls of the vast, deserted room. Hayden leaned back, placing his palms on the small of his back as he stretched and looked around.

Fine, it did look like a library. And it was everything the city claimed it to be—historical, well-cared for, and a fucking architectural gem. He just didn't want to be there, digging through old books sane people shouldn't care about. As if on cue his phone flashed. He picked it up and read the message. *That article will be done tonight. Right? You'll have something fresh. Right?*

Hayden tapped in his reply, *yes and yes*, then shoved the phone in his pocket. He wasn't going to look at it again until he had what he needed. Something *fresh*. What the hell did that mean anyway? Money. That's what it meant. Because Bob Keeler, the guy Hayden wrote for, promised him a bonus if he could come up with something *really, really fresh*.

That's why he'd come to the library, to look through actual books. He wasn't going to find anything fresh on the net—the place where everyone else would be looking for *fresh* things.

Coming to the library had been a good idea, though. He'd already made a short video of the inside with his webcam. He might be able to use that on the paper's website as part of the series. Some kind of scholarly approach theme to give the piece an air of credibility.

"Lights in this section getting turned off early, sir. 'Bout twenty minutes."

The security guard had come up behind Hayden and was standing in the aisle between the rows of gleaming wood tables. He motioned toward the expansive windows that started at the top of the bookshelves and reached up about fifteen feet to the domed ceiling. "Snowmageddon, man. Everybody's leaving. You should too."

Hayden rubbed his weary eyes. Snow whipped against the glass, so fierce and bright that even though the sun had gone down an hour ago the white blast was still visible. Shit. A storm. As if he didn't have enough to deal with. He'd promised Rachelle, a girl he'd just started seeing, that he'd be done with the article that night so they could "do something fun, something crazy" tomorrow. Hayden eyed the stack of books circling his laptop. Carry those through a blizzard?

"Do you have a photocopy machine?" he asked, scanning the vast area behind the guy. There must be a hallway back there somewhere.

"Yeah." The guard looked at the piles of books, his mouth twisting into a frown as his gaze skimmed over the titles. "Where'd you find those?"

"In the scary monster section, under Z for zombies."

"No, seriously, dude. I need to learn how to protect myself." The man whipped a folded newspaper out of his back pocket and brandished it. "It's all in here—Zombies Flooding Beantown Streets, Hungry for Human Flesh." The man unfolded the paper and showed the headline. But Hayden didn't need to see it in print because he'd come up with it last week when Bob Keeler insisted they write some pieces connected to the comic book convention starting that upcoming weekend.

"You believe what you read in *The Boston Weekly*?"

"They wouldn't print it if it weren't true." The man folded the paper and tucked it back into his pocket. "Or could be true."

No wonder Bob Keeler had enough money to live in Chestnut Hill.

"The copier?"

The man pointed to a hall tucked between two bookcases. "It's down there. But like I said, you better get going." He stepped away then turned back, his gaze hopping from one book to the next before finally landing on Hayden's face. "Snowmageddon. Zombies. Be careful, article says to avoid isolated places and stay with others."

"I get it," Hayden assured him, using his firmest teacher voice, the one he'd perfected while being a grad assistant at Boston College.

The guy gave Hayden the once-over, doubt and worry still lining his face as he turned, the folded paper waving at Hayden as he marched off.

That teacher voice was handy, but according to Rachelle, he used it—and the attitude that came with it—too much. They'd only gone out a couple times, but already she complained about his die-hard work ethic and how they needed to have more crazy fun.

How was he supposed to have any kind of fun when he had years of student loan payments coming his way and only a one-page CV to deal with them? Once he found an actual job this sort of thing would be part of his past. The part he would be forgetting.

He swung out of the chair, grabbed the three books he hadn't gotten to yet and headed for the hall. The photocopier, positioned under a rectangular window, hummed in the dimly lit space.

Hayden lifted the lid, set the book on the glass surface and started flipping through, scanning for the chapter he needed for his research. *Research*. Right. There was a euphemism. He jerked through the pages, black-eyed stares and ragged clothes flashed past. Good God. Zombies. Why did people waste their time with this sort of thing?

But Bob Keeler was convinced that because Rodney McKinnon, star of *Zombie Rites*, was coming to the comic convention, if the paper featured anything having to do with zombies, he'd sell thousands of copies. Especially if it something was *fresh*. The man was crazy. Sure, Boston was going to be overrun with comic book freaks, but those

people were educated, right? They didn't actually believe zombies were real. So why would they want to read about them?

Hayden paused at a drawing made by an eyewitness, a so-called zombie tracker. Apparently the witness spent an entire summer spying on a tribe believed to take part in hazing rituals that included a lot of sex. The drawing showed two men, bare-chested and wearing leather chaps. One, with a rope tied around his waist, was leaning against a tree while the other knotted the opposite end of rope to the tree, securing him like a dog he didn't want to get away. Hayden lifted the book closer. They weren't wearing anything under the chaps. And the tied-up guy had a huge boner.

Hayden turned the page. More drawings. The guy tied to the tree, holding the ass of a woman and pounding that boner into her. Apparently the witness had in mind to document the entire ritual. There were five more drawings, each one showing the man mating with a different woman while the others watched. And all the women looked very satisfied. And willing.

Hayden's cock stiffened.

Okay, so they're a group of people into sex, but where is the proof they're zombies? Proof that zombies are real. He laughed. *That* would be fresh, so *that's* what he needed. What he didn't need was the distraction of a rock-hard dick. He reached down and shifted the zipper on his khakis.

The last page in the section outlined the zombie tracker's theory of zombie sexuality. Zombies could remain "alive" by either eating human flesh or through frequent sex. The sex method worked great because the live human passed out afterward, giving the zombie the opportunity to escape. The sexual hazing rituals were designed to teach new zombies survival skills, tools to use if eating human flesh wasn't possible.

Living off sex. Good God, it was the Hugh Hefner theory. But it sounded familiar. Did *Zombie Rites* have some kind of sex ritual?

Overhead the window squeaked open. Gusts of snow flew in. Fingers scratched at the sill, clawing at the wood trim. A full hand appeared, covered with a black fingerless glove. The other hand appeared. Then a forearm, wrapped in red wool, an elbow, bare skin peaking out between the strips of red. Hayden held his breath, was he seeing things? Was it possible to hallucinate from reading too much trash?

A mass of tangled hair, a mix of brown and red, popped through the opening. One of the hands reached over, swiping the hair away. Two brown eyes rimmed with smudgy make-up peered down.

"Give me hand?" she said, her voice rough, probably from climbing up the side of the building. One of her hands started to slide and she used her elbow to brace herself in the frame. "Please?" Snow and wind blew in, slickening the sill and her elbow started to slide. "Hurry."

Hayden glanced down the hall, but he was surrounded by dim silence. That security guard was probably combing the stacks, looking for anyone else desperate enough to be at the library in the middle of a snow storm. Or, more likely, trying to find the scary monster section. The coast was clear, so he pulled a chair over and stepped on to the seat.

He reached up. "Give me your hand."

Clouds of snow blinded Hayden, but he reached up, grabbing for the girl. His hands connected with something bony and cold, arms maybe, and he curled his fingers around them.

"I think I have you," he said, trying to look up but getting a face full of snow.

"Pull me in."

Hayden yanked until he heard a yelp.

"Okay, stop. I can climb down from here."

"You sure?" he asked, still holding on to the bony limbs.

"Yes. Get out of the way."

"I'm not sure I care for your tone." Hayden winced. He sounded like his father.

The girl's voice came again, the hesitation completely gone. "Get out of the way or I'm going to land on you."

"Suit yourself," Hayden said, stepping off the chair.

Between gusts of wind and snow, a body appeared. Somehow she'd managed to turn herself around in the window, spinning so her legs, covered in tattered black fishnets, came down first. Booted feet landed on top of the copier. A tiny, midnight blue skirt barely covered her ass. Her torso was wrapped in some kind of red sweater that left parts of her skin exposed. Once she was fully out of the window and standing on the copier, she reached up on tiptoe, closed the window and turned around.

Hayden looked up her skirt and caught a glimpse of skin. The fishnets were real stockings. That meant her thighs were bare. What if she wasn't wearing panties? Her pussy would be —

"Do you always have an attitude when someone asks for help?" She put her hands on her hips, her long fingers flashing white in the fingerless gloves, and looked down at him. Her arched back made her breasts look huge.

Instead of waiting for an answer, she dropped down to sit on the copier, then hopped down to the floor. Correction. Her breasts *were* huge. Porn worthy, for sure.

Shit. His hard dick had conjured her up.

Hayden blinked, trying to clear his head. Trying to think of something other than him tugging on that sweater thing to see how many pulls it would take it get it off. "You aren't wearing a coat."

She lifted her hands to smack snow from her hair, her large breasts shaking from the movement. Maybe the sweater would give way on its own?

"You're not very friendly. Is there anyone else here?" she asked, running her hands across her arms and legs, spreading snow onto the floor and flicking some onto him.

Obviously he hadn't conjured her up, because if he had she wouldn't be looking for anyone beside him, and she sure as hell wouldn't be using that tone.

"It's a bit snowy out there. I think the flurries might be keeping people at home." If she noticed his sarcasm, she didn't respond. She didn't seem to notice his rude staring, either, so he kept on. If she wasn't going to bother being polite he wasn't either.

Her nipples were peaked tight, rubbing against the red fabric.

"Aren't you cold?" he asked, staring at the red material wrapped around her torso. It wasn't really a sweater; it looked more like a strip of fabric spun around her like a giant elasticized bandage.

She finally got the last of the snow off, but her clothes were soaked and clinging. Even so, she wasn't shivering. She didn't even look cold. Or concerned about the weirdness of climbing in through a library window in the middle of a winter storm. Hayden backed up, a bit freaked now that he'd gotten over her simply dropping into his life.

She pushed past him and marched halfway down the hall, her skirt brushing against her thighs, and Hayden started wondering about panties again. She definitely seemed like the kind of girl who would go without. Maybe she'd slip?

When she reached the end of the hall, she looked from side to side, and then strutted back, coming straight for him.

"You're right about the storm, and it's empty on the streets, too. That's why I came in here," she said, her voice switching to an awkward sweetness when she continued. "You are the only person around."

"There's a security guard."

"Doesn't sound like a good idea. Not the kind of man I'm looking for." She moved forward, swaying so that the hem of her skirt came up, showing the tops of her stockings.

Obviously, this girl was trouble with a capital T, and Hayden had spent his whole life avoiding trouble, playing safe and getting things done. He backed up, reaching for the stack of books he'd left on top of the copier. Never mind the copies, he'd just check them out. He tucked the books under his arm and marched past. He didn't even take one last look at her gorgeous round breasts, pouty lips or fishnet-covered legs. No need, really. He wouldn't be forgetting any of the details any time soon.

"Wait!" she called after him, and he heard the thud of her boots as she took off. The even rhythm followed him all the way to the table where he'd left his things. He set the books down and started putting his papers into folders.

She came up behind him and wrapped her arms around his waist. She was too short to speak into his ear, so she tucked her head under his arm and smiled up at him.

"Um, hi?" she said, her smudgy eyes taking on a desperate sheen. "My name's Mattie, by the way."

"Nice to meet you, Mattie." Hayden reached over her, trying to exit out of the update email he'd been writing to Bob Keeler so he could shut down his computer. Her hands slid down from his waist, over his ass and around his thighs, the light pressure easily heating him up even through the thick material of his pants. Trying to ignore her and his lust, he jabbed at the keyboard, hitting whatever he could reach. He had to get the hell out of there before he started acting on the fantasies flickering in the back of his mind. This girl was going to get him into trouble, somehow. He just knew it. "I really have to get going."

"But, you—I—" Mattie rolled herself around him, hopped onto the table, and wrapped her legs around him. She reached behind to brace herself on the table but slipped back when her hand landed on one of the books. She looked back, frozen for a few seconds, then jerked back around. "You're reading about zombies?"

Hayden cleared his throat. "It's research."

"What did you find out?"

"Nothing."

She shimmied, her breasts bouncing. "Maybe I can help. What do you need?"

"Nothing big. Just proof that zombies are real. Like some pictures, you know. They're combing the streets, looking for flesh. Haven't you heard?"

She grinned up at him, her eyes shining with unmistakable lust. Was it for the zombies or him? "Sounds scary," she said, lifting her eyebrows.

"Scary is right. If I don't get something *fresh about zombies* my boss probably won't give me any more special assignments."

She didn't say anything, just sat there rocking her shoulders, staring at him with her smudgy eyes, licking her pouty lips and looking exactly like a Barbie doll gone bad.

Why was he talking with her anyway? Hayden tried to free himself, but she was stronger than she looked. A lot stronger. He reached down to pry her legs off, but the rows of table lights went off and he was blinded. His eyes began to adjust, making use of the light from the street lamps coming through windows. It was flickering from the snow, so it was still difficult to see clearly.

Hayden gave up trying to break free from her legs and reached for her chin, tipping her face up to try to reason with her. "I think this section is closing, so—" When their gaze connected, his words fell away. Mattie's eyes flickered in the darkness, glowing green.

She blinked, but the gleam came back as soon as her gaze found his again. It wasn't the snow casting the light in her eyes. It was something inside her. Something that explained why she was climbing around in the night, not wearing a coat, not cold. Hayden slid his palm across her neck to settle on her throat. There was a pulse.

Of course.

He was being totally ridiculous.

Just to be sure, he slid his hand down lower, stopping over her heart. The thick straps were in the way, so he tucked his fingers under them, stopping when he felt the swell of her breast. Before he could feel her heartbeat, she laid her hand across his and

guided it lower, brushing his palm across her nipple. The peak tightened and she sighed softly, the sound a cross between a moan and whimper.

Hayden tried to move his hand lower to feel the weight of her breast in his palm, but the straps were too tight and his hand wouldn't move. A thread of panic wove through his nerves and he tugged. She moaned again, reached up to pull the straps from her other breast and pinch her own nipple, wiggling with satisfaction. His cock responded, the sudden flow of blood making him impossibly hard.

Mattie dropped her hand and reached for his belt, her fingers working quickly to undo the buckle, the snap and zipper. His erect penis jutted straight out, ready to thrust into her pussy despite the confusion and anxiety swirling through him. He tugged at his hand again and it finally came free. But he was still held captive by her legs. With strong, sharp motions, she yanked him closer, tightening the grip around his waist as she lifted her skirt.

The black fishnet stockings ended near the junction of her thighs, just as he'd imagined and she was, in fact, without panties.

The dark wood of the table contrasted with her light skin, and the smooth lips of her pussy were slick and ready. The possibility of trouble was still there, but this other possibility—doing something crazy—was the one he was paying attention to. His dick was so hard he could drive into her with one thrust, he was sure of it.

Hayden grabbed her thighs, spread her legs and swung her forward, angling her so her hot sheath opened completely. He inched closer, so the tip of his penis touched her wet skin.

"Do it," she whispered. "Fuck me."

He drove in, filling her just like he knew he would, and groaned. The tight walls of her core gripped him, squeezing his shaft, making it harder, bigger. She grabbed his shoulders and rocked against him, gliding her sweet pussy up and down his cock, taking control.

Hayden bent lower, reaching for her free breast with his mouth, wanting to feel it inside his mouth. He found the nipple, but the mound was too full and her motions too frenzied, so he had to settle for licking the sweet tip.

She grunted in response, her hips jerking as she rocked against him, taking his entire shaft inside her and pushing against his balls with each forward swing. His sac heated, his whole body tingled with fire. His cock was deep inside her, wrapped in her sweet cunt, but the connection wasn't enough. He lifted his mouth from her breast, seeking her lips. Just as he brushed his mouth against hers, she stiffened and groaned.

He pressed his mouth against her cool, wet lips. She sucked in a breath of sharp surprise, tried to kiss him back, but the spirals of release took possession of her body. She thrashed against him, forcing his hard cock deep inside her as her breathing turned into a series of short pants. Hayden pressed a kiss across her open lips, then let himself go, falling into his own explosive bliss. Tight, piercing pleasure coiled through him as his own orgasm hit, hard and fast.

They clung to each other, their bodies recovering from the shared explosion.

"Thanks," she said, after a pause, looking up at him from under her tangled locks. "I needed that." She started putting her clothes back together, adjusting the straps to cover her lush breasts.

Hayden laughed lightly as he gently pulled up his briefs and pants, trying not to brush against his cock, which was still slightly erect. "You don't need to say thanks. I wanted it."

"Hey! Anyone in here?"

Shit. The security guard. Still zipping his pants, Hayden called out *hello* as he jogged through the darkness.

"You're still in here, in the dark?" the guard looked past Hayden's shoulder. "Everything okay?"

Hayden stepped closer, blocking his view. "I'm fine, just packing up, about to head home."

The guard ran his flashlight beam around the room, but the small ray didn't do much to light up the huge space. "Snow's letting up, just so you know."

Trying to look casual, not like a guy who'd just had frantic sex, Hayden shoved his hands in his pockets and slouched his shoulders. "Cool, good to know."

"Stay safe, man."

"Right. Thanks." Hayden spun and headed back. She was gone. Probably climbed back out the window. Or climbed out of his freshly ignited imagination.

Hayden tapped his computer. The message to Bob Keeler popped up. He added a quick note about writing something about hot zombie sex rituals, attached the video of the library, and hit send. With a heavy thump, he dropped into the stiff chair and reached for the files. In a minute, he'd get everything pulled together and get going. That fresh stuff wasn't going to appear out of nowhere.

Chapter Two

The vibrating of his phone woke Hayden, and still half-asleep, he dug it out of his pocket and answered, his eyes still closed.

"Hayden. You are a genius."

Struggling against a serious kink in his back, Hayden worked his way into a sitting position. "Thanks, Bob," he said, even though he had no idea what the man was all worked up about.

"The film tie-in idea is awesome. Perfect. That attachment, good grief. Why didn't you tell me you were a Photoshop wiz?"

Starting to actually wake up, Hayden looked around. The library? He'd fallen asleep at the table when he was supposed to be reading those damn zombie books. Shit. Hazy images of a wet girl with tangled hair and torn tights flashed in his mind. Mind-blowing sex. Holy shit. What a dream.

"Good thing Rachelle is the wild type. Most girls wouldn't want pictures of their guy having sex with some other girl, even a zombie, posted all over the net."

Hayden snapped awake. "Posted?"

"Absolutely." Bob chuckled, then lowered his voice. "The sex video was hot, Hayden, but a bit over the top. Even for us. So Chuck cut it into stills, and our hit counter is already popping."

Sex video? "Popping?" Hayden said, starting to sweat. He grabbed his laptop and typed in the newspaper's link. The home page was filled with a woman's dark silhouette, the pale skin of one of her big breasts peeking between the red wraps, the other was blacked out with a solid square. Her wet, matted hair was tangled around her shoulders, her eyes were unmistakably glowing green, and the man positioned between her legs was obviously him.

A neon blue banner ran through the middle of the page: *Zombie sex ritual uncovered! Everyday men seduced by the undead!*

"That bonus check is already in your mailbox, Hayden. You really came through for me, kid. Thanks."

"Sure thing." Hayden clicked off, but didn't set his phone down. Even though they'd only been together a short while, Rachelle should hear about the pictures from him.

He hit her number and settled back to wait, but she answered right away.

"What the hell, Hayden?"

"You already know, huh," he replied, hitting the link to move away from the home page.

"Yes. And I am pissed."

The next page was another shot of him and the girl, her white fingers curled over her own breast while his hand was obviously trapped in the red straps. "How did you find out?"

"Bob."

"Bob?" *Thanks Bob, for adding to my list of failed relationships.*

"Yeah, he wanted to make sure it was okay with me before he put the pictures up."

Hayden scrolled down, the next picture showed Mattie's thigh, half covered by the tattered fishnets, tightly wrapped around his hips. The tiny skirt covered up his cock, thrusting in and out of her. "And it's okay with you?" he said, his voice nearly squeaking.

"Yes. But I'm still pissed."

He scrolled down again. It was shot of Mattie's face, her smudgy, glowing eyes staring straight at the screen. A chill ran down his spine. Straight to his dick, which was getting hard again. "It's just that I—"

"I've been after you to do something crazy and you had this kinky side all along. I'm pissed you kept it a secret." She sighed, impatient and annoyed. "Why Hayden? Don't you get that I like you for who you are, not because I'm waiting around for you to make stacks of money?"

Hayden exited the website. "Oh."

"I'm coming over to your apartment tonight. I'll be wearing – oh no, I'm not telling. It's going to be a surprise. A very hot, sexy surprise. And you better be ready to fuck me senseless. That's the only the way I'm going to forgive you for keeping secrets."

Another turn in a night that didn't make sense. But Hayden was done being cautious and careful. He scrambled to his feet and adjusted his khakis, but there was no hiding his solid erection.

He stashed his laptop into his backpack and started walking, leaving the zombie books on the table.

"Don't make me wait," she snapped then clicked off.

Hayden charged into the snowy night and didn't look back.

About the Author

Thrill-seeking risk takers, heroes with a dark past, sexy locales, untamed women! Isabelle Drake writes stories featuring men and women who aren't afraid to go after what they want. An avid traveler, she'll go just about anywhere – at least once – to meet people and get story ideas.

Isabelle welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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